Strata 1 Renyke Wakes in the Alley (Purpose) Book of Immersion V I Sarnia de la Mare

You wake up in the morning

You don’t know where you are

You do a quick 360

Looks like you’re making art

You’re Caught in a bubble

‘tween real and fake

You’re never really sure

Which ducker’s on the take

It’s just life my friend

But it’s the only one you get

It’s just life my friend

You only get one shot

So you get up off the floor

The sun is coming through

You get these freaky feelings

You don’t know what to do

You’d better watch your back

Cos bruises gonna hurt

It’s gonna take a while for you

To prove your worth.

We’re all in the dark

Just walking in the park

The more you try

It just gets worse

The more you want

The deeper the curse

It’s just life my friend

But it’s the only one you got

Welcome to Immersion You Have Reached Strata 1

Renyke Wakes in the Alley (Purpose)

Renyke's inner motors began to whirr.
He had put himself into voluntary shutdown during the *dark-cycle in order to save power.
From the start of his operational cycle, he had performed the necessary housekeeping duties within an interior domain.
It was a twenty-four-hour installation that bound him by duty and programming to put humans first. To any human, until today, Renyke had been subordinate.
He was around a decade old. New technologies and updates marked regular upgrades in droid manufacturing.

Renyke was old.

Things had become difficult in Renyke’s previous life after the arrival of another android, a female version 12 named *Ableteen, who was considered the fastest domestic to date, (this 6th day of the 11th *Moonturn 2289).
Ableteens were able to preserve battery power with a hybrid electro-solar panel on the back and shoulders. This worked well in the new modern glassed apartments of the suburban zones. These cutting-edge designer houses were maximising sunlight like never before in the new *Midcast Housing Projects. Some of the new apartments even came with the Ableteens installed and ready to help the occupiers enjoy the best life possible.

Used androids were worthless without their contracts and updates. Generally these machines were dismantled and thrown into crushers, despite the capacity to continue their function. Some were being recycled into experimental hybrids for illegal purposes.

There was talk of an underclass of feral bots who were made out of parts from the old dumping grounds before the *eco-legislation had been implemented. They say that some of these bots were made by the bots themselves; innards and parts that had communicated and joined forces across the debris of twisted metal and wires.
Renyke noted that although he was now a vulnerable *street-bot, he was spared a wasted end. Perhaps, without enslavement, there would be new experiences. He had never cared before, after all, he was an emotionless droid. But today here in unfamiliar surroundings there was some sort of excitement. Something was calling him towards adventure.

But An unrecognised sense of trepidation washed around him and occupied his thoughts. Renyke was not programmed to experience fear, the feeling must have been something else. An after effect from the transition or the journey to get here.

Mabel was the daughter from the family Renyke had worked for. She had informed Renyke that he was to be dismantled and un-twinned him from the household appliances in order to facilitate his escape. Then she deleted the software that had once meant he could never leave.
Together they had upgraded his operating system with drivers available via an underground organisation called *Redact.

Mabel had created the escape mission but Renyke was struggling to recall the details. Things had blurred. memories, or something like them, would waft around his mind in images and sounds, like nervous animals, always watching.

Renyke stretched and acclimatised his eyes to the sun as it penetrated the alley like a sword.
He sensed the danger here in the crime-ridden *zones.
Since the *pandemics, no law-abiding human citizen walked outside. For the most part, humans in the zones were there to partake in vice and black market trading. Some were nomadic opportunists, some from self governed tribes, others were organised into criminal networks. Androids in these areas were there to be used, abused, and discarded.
Renyke had to assume there was danger in every step until proved otherwise.

He may have looked like a regular human but his insides were a complex mass of wires and electrical paraphernalia that ran a well-balanced functioning machine.
He was programmed to learn. His algorithms had been set to gain an advantage in unchartered terrain by observing closely the details of situations. This was key to making robust decisions for survival. He also had a reliable and omniscient personal operating system (*POS) to guide him.

It took just a few seconds to warm up and reboot.
The surroundings were scanned as Renyke checked the 360-degree orbital range from the silent detectors inside his *POS.

He was fully charged and his battery life would last months.

Suddenly there was a warning....

Unknown Danger Approaching ..... Left Ground Level

Renyke engaged his internal antenna and watched a furry creature scurry past. His scanners perused the information app.

POS informed Renyke about the creature.

.....Rat, rodent, possible food source....

Renyke engaged his arm extension and snatched the rat from the ground.

He brought it close to his face, and studied it, carefully analysing its properties.

to be continued

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